

THE  
Lady's *Dressing-Room.*

A  
P O E M.

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By D<sup>n</sup> S<sup>r</sup>.

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From the Original COPY.

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The Third Edition.

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Lady's Dressing-Room.

A

P. O. M.

YACOPY



THE BRITISH MUSEUM



THE  
LADY'S  
Dressing-Room, &c.

**F**IVE Hours, (and who can do it less in )  
By haughty *Celia* spent in Dressing;  
The Goddess from her Chamber issues  
Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tissues:  
*Strepson*, who found the Room was void,  
And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,  
Stole in, and took a strict Survey  
Of all the Litter, as it lay,  
Whereof, to make the Matter clear,  
An *Inventory* follows here.

And first, a dirty Smock appear'd,  
Beneath the Armpits well besmear'd,  
*Strepson*, the Rogue, display'd it wide,  
And turn'd it round on ev'ry Side,

In such a Case, few Words are best,  
 And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest;  
 But swears how damnably the Men lye,  
 In calling *Calia* sweet and cleanly.

Now listen while He next produces,  
 The various Combs for various Uses,  
 Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,  
 No Brush cou'd force a Way betwixt.  
 A Paste of Composition rare,  
 Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair.  
 A Forehead-Cloath with Oyl upon't,  
 To smoothe the Wrinkles on her Front;  
 Here Alum Flower to stop the Streams,  
 Exhal'd from sour unsavoury Streams;  
 There Night-Gloves made of *Tripsey's* Hide,  
 Bequeath'd by *Tripsey* when she died,  
 With Puppy-Water, Beauty's Help,  
 Distill'd from *Tripsey's* darling Whelp.  
 Here Gally-pots and Vials plac'd,  
 Some fill'd with Washes, some with Paste;  
 Some with Pomatums, Paints, and Slops,  
 And Ointments good for scabby Chops.  
 Hard by, a filthy Bason stands,  
 Foul'd with the scow'ring of her Hands;  
 The Bason takes whatever comes,  
 The Scrapings from her Teeth and Gums,  
 A nasty Compound of all Hues,  
 For here she spits, and here she spues.

But



But O! it turn'd poor *Strepbon's* Bowels,  
 When he beheld and smelt the Towels;  
 Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beflim'd,  
 With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear<sup>w</sup>ax grim'd.  
 No Object *Strepbon's* Eye escapes;  
 Here, Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps;  
 Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,  
 All varnish'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.  
 The Stockings why should I expose,  
 Stain'd with the Moisture of her Toes;  
 Or greasy Coifs, and Pinner's reeking,  
 Which *Celia* slept at least a Week in.  
 A Pair of Tweezers next he found,  
 To pluck her Brows in Arches round,  
 Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,  
 Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.

The Virtues we must not let pass  
 Of *Celia's* Magnifying-Glass;  
 When frighted *Strepbon* cast his Eye on't,  
 It shew'd the Visage of a Gyant:  
 A Glass that can to Sight disclose  
 The smallest Worm in *Celia's* Nose,  
 And faithfully direct her Nail,  
 To squeeze it out from Head to Tail;  
 Or, catch it nicely by the Head,  
 Must come out alive or dead.

Why *Strepbon*, will you tell the rest?  
 And must you needs describe the Chest?

That

That careless Wench! No Creature warn her,  
 To move it out from yonder Corner,  
 But leave it standing full in Sight,  
 For you to exercise your Spite!  
 In vain the Workman shew'd his Wit,  
 With Rings and Hinges counterfit,  
 To make it seem, in this Disguise,  
 A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes,  
 Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,  
 Resolv'd to go thro' *thick and thin*,  
 He lifts the Lid: There need no more,  
 He smelt it all the Time before.  
 As, from within *Pandora's* Box,  
 When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,  
 A sudden universal Crew,  
 Of human Evils, upwards flew;  
 He still was comforted to find,  
 That *Hope* at last remain'd behind:

So, *Strephon* lifting up the Lid,  
 To view what in the Chest was hid,  
 The Vapours flew from out the Vent,  
 But *Strephon*, cautious, never meant  
 The Bottom of the *Pan* to grope,  
 And foul his Hands in search of *Hope*.

O! ne'er may such a vile Machine  
 Be once in *Calia's* Chamber seen!  
 O! may she better learn to keep  
 Those *Secrets of the hoary Deep!* \*

As Mutton-Cutlets, \* *prime of Meat*,  
 Which, tho' with Art you salt and beat,  
 As Laws of Cookery require,  
 And toast them at the clearest Fire;  
 If from † *a-down* the hopeful Chops,  
 The Fat upon a Cinder drops,  
 To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame,  
 Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came,  
 And up exhales a greasy Stench,  
 For which you curse the careless Wench:  
 So things which must not be exprest,  
 When *Plumpt* into the reeking Chest,  
 Send up an excremental Smell,  
 To taint the Part from whence they fell,  
 The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,  
 And waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.

Thus finishing his grand Survey,  
 The Swain disgusted slunk away:  
 But *Vengeance*, Goddess, never sleeping,  
 Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his peeping.  
 His foul Imagination links  
 Each Dame he sees, with all her Stinks,  
 And if unsavoury Odours fly,  
 Conceives a Lady standing by.

All

*Prima Vivorum.*

Luc.

*Ed. D—n D—s Works and N. P—y's.*

All Women his Description fits,  
 And both Ideas jump like Wits,  
 By vicious Fancy coupled fast,  
 And still appearing in *Contrast*.

I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind  
 To all the Charms of Female Kind.  
 Should I the *Queen of Love* refuse,  
 Because she rose from stinking Ooze?  
 To him that looks behind the Scene,  
*Stativa's* but some pocky Quean.

When *Calia* all her Glory shows,  
 If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,  
 Who now so impiously blasphemes  
 Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams;  
 Her Washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,  
 With which He makes so foul a Rout,  
 He soon would learn to think like me,  
 And bless his ravish'd Eyes to see  
 Such Order from Confusion sprung,  
 Such gaudy *Tulips* rais'd from *Dung*.



**FINIS.**



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